



Great-Britain's Lamentation for her Deceased Princess:  
OR, AN  
**ELEGY** upon the Death of that  
Most Illustrious *MARY*, Queen of *England, Scotland,*  
*France and Ireland*; who Exchang'd this Life for a Better, *Decemb. 28. 1694.*

*Mæror ubi Elegos Scribere cogit amor.* A Rural Pen.

**A**H Sin! thou grand Infringer of the Laws  
Of Sacred Justice, how art thou the Cause  
Of World's of Mischief? bringing up the Rear,  
Since thou to lead the Van didst first appear:  
'Twas long of thee, the Angels fell so low,  
From height of Glory to the depth of Woe.  
'Twas long of thee, the Just Offended God  
Plagu'd all Mankind with his Revenging Rod:  
'Twas long of thee, that a late dismal stroke  
From Heaven hath *England's* Joys in sunder broke:  
'Tis thou, vile Sin! 'tis thou that art the Womb  
Of all our Sorrows; thou that art the Tomb  
Of all our Comforts, but for thee, vile Sin,  
We longer might have kept our Gracious Queen.  
Religious Princes God doth sometimes take  
From Kingdoms, for their Sinning Peoples sake.  
Death is the Track that every one must tread;  
Not One now living but shall once be dead.  
Death killeth some, wills others to survive;  
Not one deceased, but was once alive.  
Death with a steady Hand his Dart lets fly,  
At all; all Men are Mortal; All must dye.  
Death is a Leveller, when he doth strike,  
The Highest and the Lowest fall alike.  
Death will not be by Force of Arms controul'd,  
It spares not any, neither Young nor Old.  
Death knocks as boldly at the Princely Door,  
As at the humble Cabbins of the Poor.  
The stately Cedars, and the sturdiest Oaks,  
Are over-power'd by Death's All-conqu'ring Stroaks.  
*Cæsar* must be Supreme, and Rule alone,  
And Rival with him, *Pompey* will have none.  
Yet, those two direful Thunderbolts of War,  
Nay, *Alexander's* self, that Rid as far  
As *Phæbus* Beams are spread, and terrify'd  
Th' whole World, Conquer'd by Death, these Conquerers  
The Greatest Sovereigns on Earth must bow (dy'd.  
To Fates resistless Force: — And now, ah! now  
At Royal *MARY* Death his Arrow darts,  
And kills as great a Conqueress of Hearts  
In these Dominions, as was ever found  
Within the spacious Earth's Sea-circled round.  
Our Warlike *Pallas*, and our mild *Astræa*,  
Of Sacred Vertue the Divine Idea,  
By equal sharing in the Government,  
To King and Kingdoms gave no mean Content;  
VVhilst far-fam'd *William* manag'd Martial Work  
'Gainst *Lewis* th' Antichristian Christian Turk  
In foreign Countries, she did overcome  
Her Foes by Prudence, and kept Peace at home.  
Her Crowned Prefence, and Renowned Acts,  
Made her the Glory of the Female Sex.  
This Great Exemplar of a Pious Life  
To Kingly *Cæsar* an Obedient Wife;  
Co-partner with him in th' Imperial Power,  
To Foes a Terror; to her Friends a Tower:  
A Sword to Wrong; a Shield to Innocence;  
The Rod of Vice, and Vertue's Recompence:

A Peerless Lady, in her florid Age,  
Brim-fill'd with Honour, Courteous, Modest, Sage,  
Witty and Wise, one of a resolute Mind,  
Yet to Compassion mightily inclin'd,  
Ev'n sometimes to a Fault, in saving those  
False Wretches that were her Life-seeking Foes:  
Factors for *Rome*, whom nothing will content  
Less than the Ruine of the Government.  
(Know Rebels, tho' a while you spared be,  
Time may advance you on your Mourning Tree.)  
Death thrills his Killing Dart; Great *MARY* dies,  
VVhen on the sudden, Tydes of Sorrow rise,  
And overflow the Land: All Eyes are drown'd  
VVith Tears: All Places with a mourning sound  
Are fill'd; and Oh! with what lamenting Tones  
Heart-renting Sighs, and never stinting Groans  
The Vaulted Regions ring: The Heavens are clad  
In Mourning, and the Earth's exceeding sad;  
*Britain* Laments, and if the Seas we cross,  
VVhat Country grieves not for this General Loss?  
Confed'rate Princes all agreed, expresse  
Great Grief for their great General's Heaviness.  
O what hard-hearted *Niobe* can forbear  
For his great Loss to spend a Sigh, or Tear!  
Ah cruel Death! to Church and State a Foe,  
To turn a Commonwealth t' a Common Woe!  
Ah cruel Death! that dost at once destroy  
The Fair *Maria's* Life, and *Britain's* Joy!  
Ah! cruel Death! that sadly dost divide  
The Royal Consort and his Loyal Bride,  
Th' one Moiety of the Forsaken Throne,  
Leaving but half himself to sit thereon!  
How could he chuse but Sigh, and Grieve, and Weep  
In thy rude Arms to see his dearest Sleep!  
Be cheer'd my Liege, thy Soul, when Prison-free,  
Shall go to her, who may not come to thee.  
Thy Loss is Great, far greater is her Gains,  
In Splendourous Bliss thy Sainted *Mary* Reigns:  
Be cheer'd my Liege, and follow her apace,  
Who ran to Glory in the Way of Grace:  
Run well thy Race, and so shalt thou obtain  
An Heavenly Crown, and shalt thy Loss regain  
Once more, and evermore with thy Saint *Mary* Reign.

An Acrostick EPITAPH.

Mary the *W*orld's Or I ent Jewel;  
A *l*bion's Gem: A *f*fection S Fewel;  
R *o*me's Rod; *B*ritain's choice D elight;  
Y *o*ung, yet for R'd with V *e*rtu E s bright:  
Q *u*een E *l*iza's S e C ond; Lowly,  
V *a*liant, F a i T bful, P r u d E nt, H o ly:  
E *n*gland's D A rling; F r A nce's T error;  
E *u*rope's G l o r i e; F e m a l e S M i r r o u r;  
N a t u r e's V a r N i s h; w h a t E ' r e i s f o u n d  
E x c e l l e n t, b E r e l i e s u n D e r G r o u n d.

N. B.

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